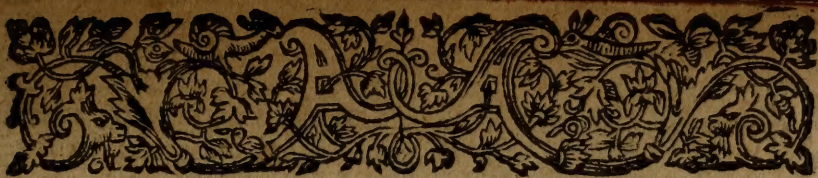


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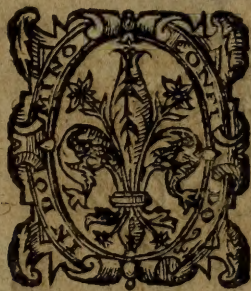
William Holgate.



Tamburlaine the Greate.

*Who, from the state of a Shepheard
in Scythia, by his rare and
wonderfull Conquests, became
a most puissant and mighty
Monarque.*

C. Marlowe



L O N D O N

Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde
at the little North doore of Saint Paules
Church, at the signe of the Gunne.

1605.

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47

149.032

May, 1873



Printed for Edward White and are to be sold
at the late North door of Saint Paul's
Church, London.



To the Gentlemen Readers and others,
that take pleasure in reading
Histories.



Gentlemen, and curteous Readers who-
socuer: I haue heere published in Print
for your sakes, this tragicall discourse
of the Scythian Shepheard, Tam-
berlaine, that became so great a Con-
querour, and so mighty a Monarque: My hope is, that
it will bee now no lesse acceptable vnto you to
reade after your serious affaires and studies, then it
hath bene (lately) delightfull for manyc of you to
see, when the same was shewed in London vpon Sta-
ges: I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some
fond and friuolous jestures, digressing (and in my
poore opinion) farre vnmeete for the matter, which I
thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, then
any way else to be regarded, though (happilye) they
haue bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly ga-
ped at, what times they were shewed vpon the
Stage in their graced deformities: neuerthelesse now,
to bee mingled in print with such mattet of worth,
it would prooue a great disgrace to so honorable and
stately a History: Great follye were it in me, to com-
mend vnto your wisdomes, eyther the eloquēce of the
Authour that writte it, or the worthinesse of the

To the Reader.

matter it selfe: I therefore leaue it vnto your learned censures, & my selfe the poore Printer thereof vnto your moste curteous and fauourable protections, which if you vouchsafe to doe, you shall euer more binde me to imploy what trauell and seruice I can to the aduauncing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours moste at com-
mandement.

R. I. Printer.





THE
TRAGICALL

*Conquestes of Tamburlaine the
Scythian Shepheard, &c.*

The Prologue.

From jygging vaines of ryming mother wits,
And such conceites as clownage keeps in pay:
Weede lead you to the stately tent of Warre,
Where you shall heare the Scythian *Tamburlaine*,
Threatning the world with high astounding termes,
And scourging kingdomes with his conquering sword,
View but his Picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

Actus I. Scæna. I.

Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,
Cencus, with others.

Myeres.

Brother Cosroe, I finde my selfe agreeu'd,
Yet in sufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundring speech
Good Brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I knowe you haue a better wit than I.

Col. Unhappie Persia, that in former age,
Hast beene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their pollicies,
Hane tryumphouer Africa, and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sunne dares scarce appeare,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

For freezing me eors and coniealed colde :

Now to be ruld and gouerned by a man,

At whose birth day Cinthia with Saturne ioynd,

And loue, the Sunne and Mercury denide

To shed his influence in his sickle bzaine,

Now Turkes & Tartars shake their swords at thee,

Meaning to mangle all thy Prouinces.

Mycet Brother, I see your meaning well enough,

And through your Planets, I perceiue you thinke

I am not wise enough to be a King,

But I referre me to my Noble men,

That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:

I might commaund you to bee slaine for this,

Meander, might I not ?

Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord.

Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I knowe I might,

Yet liue, yea liue, Mycetes wils it so,

Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,

Declare the cause of my conceiued grieffe,

Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine,

That like a Fox in midst of haruest time,

Dooth pray vppon my flockes of Passengers,

And as I heare, dooth meane to pull my plumes,

Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.

Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complaine,

Of Tamburlaine, that Turdie Scythian theise,

That robs your Merchants of Persepolis,

Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,

And in your confines with his laboles fraine,

Dayly commits vnciuill outrages.

Hoping (misle-led by dreaming prophesies)

To raigne in Asia, and with Barbarous Armes

To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:

But ere he march in Asia, or display

His vagrant Ensigne in the Persean fields,

Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,

Charg'd with a thousand Horse, to apprehend

And

The Scythian Shepheard.

And bring him Captiue to your Highnes thronne.

Myce. Ful true y^e speakst, and like thy selfe my Lord,
Whome I may tearme a Damon for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand Horse incontinent,
To appzehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honozable Lords?
Is it not a Kingly resolution.

Cofr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

Micc. When heare thy charge, valiant Theridamas
The chiefe Captaine of Mycetes Holle,
The hope of Persia, and the verie legges
Whereton our state dooth leane, as on a staffe,
That holdes vs vp, and folles our neighbour foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand Horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disdainne,
Haue sworne the death of wicked Tamberlaine.
Goe frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speede, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.

Ther. Befoze the Moone renew her bo:rowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall eyther perish by our warlike hands.
Dz plead for mercie at your Highnesse feete.

Myce. Goe, stout Theridamas, thy wordes are swords,
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes,
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milke-white seedes of mine,
all loaden with the heads of killed men.
and from their knees, euen to their hooses belowe,
Besmer'd with blood, that makes a dainty showe.

The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leaue.

Myc. Theridamus far well ten thousand times. (Exit
ah, Menaphon, why stayest thou thus behinde,
When other men prease forwarde for renowne.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Goe Menaphon, goe into Scythia,
and foote by foote followe Theridamas :

Cof. Nay, pray let him stay : a greater
fits Menaphon, then warring with a theefe :
Creat him Bxorer of all Affrica,
That he may winne the Babylonians hearts,
Which will revolt from Persean government,
Unlesse they haue a wyser King than you.

Myc. Unlesse they haue a wyser King then you,
These are his words, Meander set them downe.

Cof. And ad this to them, that all Asia,
Lament to see the follie of their King.

Myc. Well heere I swear by this my royall seate,

Cof. You may doe well to kisse it then.

Myc. Emboss with silke as best beseemes my state,
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.

Where is duetie and allegiance now?

Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?

What shall I call thee Brother? No, a foe,

Monster of Nature, shame vnto thy Locke,

That dar'st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.

Meander come, I am abus'd Meander.

Exit.

Manent Cosroe and Menaphon.

Mena. How now my Lord: what: mated and amazed
To heare the King thus threaten like himselfe?

Cof. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his threates,
The plot is laide by Persean Noble men.

and Captaines of the Hebean garrisons,

To Crowne me Emperour of Asia,

But this it is that dooth excruciate

The vertie substance of my veyed soule,

To see our neighbours that were wont to quake,

and tremble at the Persian Monarkes name,

Now sits and laughes our regiment to scozne,

and that which might dissolue me into teates,

Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,

Haue swarm'd into the Easterne India,

Leading

the Scythian Shepheard.

Lading their Shippes with golde and precious stones,
and made their spoiles from all our provinces.

Mena. This should intreate your highnesse to reioyce
Since fortune giues you oportunitie,
To gaine the title of a Conqueror,
By curing of this maimed Emperye,
Affricke and Europe bordering on your land,
and continent to your Dominions:
How easily may you with a mightie hoste,
Hast into Græcia, as did Cyrus once.
and cause them to withdraw their forces home.

Least they subdue the pride of Christendome. (sound,

Cof. But Menaph. what meanes this trumpets

Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
Bringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.

Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne,
with others.

Ort. Magnificent and Mightie Prince Cosroe,
We in the name of other Persean states,
And commons of this mightie Monarchy,
Present thee with th' Emperall Diadem.

Cone. The warlike Souldiers, and the Gentlemen
That heere tofore haue sild Persepolis
With Affricke Captaines, taken in the field:
Whose ransome made them march in coates of golde
With costly iewels hanging at their eares,
And shining stones vpon their lofty Crestes,
Now liuing idle in the walled townes
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre
And openly exclaime against the King.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour,
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more joy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoyle
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.

Cosro. Well, since I see the state of Persea doope,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

And languish in my Brothers government:
I willingly receiue thy imperiall Crowne,
And bow to weare it for my countries good:
In spight of them shal make my estate.

Orig. And in assurance of desir'd successe,
We heere doe crowne thee Monarch of the east,
Empeour of Asia and of Persia,
Great Lord of Medea and Armenia:
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia.

East India and the late discovered Isles,
Cheefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea.
And of the riuer raging Caspian Lake:

All. Long live Cosroe mightie Emperour.

Cosr. And loue may neuer let me longer liue
Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,
And cause the Soulders that thus honour me,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces,
By whose desires of discipline in armes,
I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole King,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
Whether we presently will lie (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne,

Orig. We knowe my Lord, before we brought the
Intending your inuasion so neere,
The residence of your dispis'd Brother,
The Lords would not be too erasperate
To insarie or supprelle your worthy tytle.
Or if they would: there are in-readines
Ten thousand horse to carrie you from hence,
In spitz of all suspected enemies.

Cosr. I knowe it well my Lord, and thanke you all.

Orig. Sound vp the Trumpets then,

All. God saue the King. Excunt.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Actus. I. Scœna. 2.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate, Techelles, Vsumcasar, & other Lords and Souldiers laden with treasure.

Ta. **C**ome Lady let not this appale your thoughts
The Jewels and the treasure we haue tane,
Shall be reseru'd and you in better state,
Than if you were arriu'd in Siria.
Euen in the Circle of your Fathers armes,
The mightie Souldan of Egyptia .

Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pittie my distressed plight,
(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
and seeke not to enrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly matoe:
Who traouelling with these Medean Lordes,
To Memphis from my vncles countrie of Meda,
Where all my youth I haue bene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke,
Bearing his priuie signet and his hand,
To safe conduct vs threugh Affrica :

Mag. and since we haue arriu'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We haue his highnes letters to commaund
aide and assistance if we stand in neede.

Tam. But now you see these letters & commaunds,
are countermaunded by a greater man.

and thzough my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keepe your treasure safe.

But since I loue to liue at libertie:

as easily may you get the Souldans Crowne,
as any prizes out of my precinct.

For they are friends that helpe to weane my state,
Till men and kingdomes helpe to strengthen it,
and must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.

But tell me Madam, is your grace betroth'd?

Zen. I am (my Loyd) for so you doe import.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Tam. I am a Lord, so my needes shall procure,
and yet a Shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Must grace his bed, that conquers Asia:
and meanes to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Empire
By east and west, as Phoebus doth his course:
I see heere ye weedes that I disdain to weare,
This compleat armour, and this Curtle-are,
are adiuncts moze be seeming Tamburlaine!
and Baddam, whatsoeuer you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vnuallued,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the east,
and these that seeme but silly countrie Swaines,
May haue the leading of so greate an hoste,
as with their waight shall make y^e mountaines quake
Euen as when windy ethalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tec. As princely Lyons when they rouse themselves
stretching their pawes, & threating heardes of beastes:
So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine.

He thinks I see Kings kneeling at his feete,
And he with crowning browes and fierie lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.

Vlu. And making thee and me Techelles Kings,
That euen to death will followe Tamburlaine.

Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweete friendes and followers
These Lords (perhaps) doe scozne our estimates,
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits.
But since they measure our desarts so meane,
That in conceite beare Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes they view vs Emperours,

Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer prosper your intended driftes,
That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers.

Therefore

1. The Scythian Shepheard.

Therefore, at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hop'st to be eternized,
By liuing Alias mightie Emperour.

Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our liberties:
Returne our Poles and emptie Camels backe,
That we may trauaile into Siria
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus,
Expects th' arriual of her highnes person.

Mag. And wheresoeuer we repose our selues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

Tam. Disdaines Zenocrate to liue with me?

O, you my Lordes to be my followers?

Thinke you I way this treasure more than you?

Not all the Golde in Indias wealthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest Souldier in my traine.

Zenocrate louelyer then the loue of Ioue,

Brighter then is the siluer Rhodolfe,

Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,

Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,

Then the possession of the Persian Crowne

Which gracious starres haue promist at my birth.

A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,

Mounted on Steedes swifter then Pegasus,

Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silke,

Enchast with precious iewels of mine owne :

More rich and valurous than Zenocrates:

With milke-white Hartes vpon an Iuorie Sled,

Thou shalt be d'raue amongst the frozen Poles,

And scale the Ilye mountaines lofty tops,

Which with thy beantie will be soone desol'd.

My Partiall prizes with five hundred men,

Wun on the fiftie headed Voulgas waues,

We all shall offer to Zenocrate,

and then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.

Tech What now? in loue?

Tam. Techelle, women must be flattered,

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

But this is the wirth tohome I am loue it.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. News, news.

Tamb. How now, what's the matter?

Sould. A thousand Persian Horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the King to ouercome vs all.

Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate?
How must your iewels be restor'd againe:

And I that triumph, so be ouercome.

How say you Lordings, is not this your hope:

Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restoze the.

Tam. Such hope, such fortune haue y^e thousand hoise.

Soft ye my Lords and sweete Zenocrate,
You must be forced from me ere you goe:

A thousand hoise men, twe fine hundred foote:

An oddes too great, for vs to stand against:

But are they rich? and is their armour good? (golde

Soul, Their plumed helmes are wrought with beaten
Their swords enameled, and about their neckes
Hangs massie chaines of Golde downe to the waste,
In every part exceeding braue and rich.

Tam. Then shall we fight couragiously with them,
Or looke you I should play the Orator?

Tech. No: towards and faint-hearted run a waies,
Looke for Orations when the foe is neere,

Our swords shall play the Orators for vs. (top,

Vsum. Come let vs meete them at the mountaine

And with a suddaine and an hot alarme

Diue all their hoises headlong downe the hill.

Tech. Come let vs march.

Tam. Stay Techelles, aske a parlee first.

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Dales, yet guard the treasure sure,

Lay out our golden wedges to the view,

That their reflections may amaze the Persians,

And looke we friendly on them when they come:

But if they offer word or violence.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Wheele fight five hundred men at armes to one,
Befoze we part with our possession.

And gainst the generall we will lift our swords,
And eyther lance his greedy thirsting throate,
Or take him prisoner and his chaine shall serue
For Manackles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come. Shall we incounter them?

Tam. Keepe all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will hide the danger of the bzunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is the Scythian Tamburlaine?

Ta. Whoe seekst thou Persean? I am Tamburlaine

Ther. Tamburlaine a Scythian Shepheard so imbelli-
With natures pride, and richest furniture? (Hed

His lookes do menace heauen and dare the Gods,

His fierie eyes are fixt vpon the earth,

As if he now deuil'd some Stratageme:

Or ment to pierce Auernas darke some vaults,

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.

Tam. Noble and milde this persean seemes to bee,
If outward habst iudge the inward man.

Tech. His deepe affections make him passionate,

Tam. With what a Hatefullie he reares his lookes,

In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)

I see the folly of the Emperour.

Art thou but Captaine of a thousand Horse.

That by Characters grauen in thy browes,

And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,

Deseru'it to haue the leading of an hoste?

For sake thy King and doe but ioyne with me,

And we will triumph ouer all the world:

I holde the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,

And with my hand turne fortunes wheele about,

and sooner shall the Sunne fall from his spheare,

Then Tamburlaine be slaine or ouer-come.

Draw forth thy sword thou mightie man at armes,

Intending but to rase my charmed skinne,

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

and Ioue himselſe wil ſtretch his hand from heauen,
To wards the blow, and ſhie d me ſafe from harme.
See how he raines downe heſpes of golde in ſhowers
as if he ment to giue my Souldiours pay!
and as a ſure and grounded argument,
That I ſhall be the Monarke of the Eaſt,
He ſends this Souldans Daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queene and portly Empreſſe,
If thou wilt ſtay with me, renowned man,
and leade thy thouſand horſe with my conduct,
Beſides thy ſhare of this Egyptian prize,
Thoſe thouſand horſe ſhall ſweate with martial ſpoile
Of conquered Kingdomes and of Citties ſackt.
Both we will walke vpon the lofty cliftes,
and Chriſtian Merchants that with Ruſſians ſtems,
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caſpian ſea,
Shall dayle to vs, as Lordes of all the lake:
Both we will raigne as conſuls of the earth,
and mightie kinges ſhall be our Senators,
Ioue ſometime masked in a Shepheards weede,
and by thoſe ſteps that he hath ſcal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioyne with me now in this my meane eſtate,
(I call it meane, becauſe being yet obſcure,
The Nations farre remoou'd admire me not)
and when my name and honoꝝ ſhall be ſpread,
as farre as Boreas claps his braſen winges,
Or faire Boetes ſends his cheerefull light,
Then ſhalt thou be competitor with me,
and ſit with Tamburlaine in all his Maieltie.
Her. Not Hermes prolocutoꝝ to the Gods
Could vſe perſwaſions moꝝe patheticall.
Tam. Noꝝ are Apolloſ Oracles moꝝe true,
Then thou ſhalt finde my vaunts ſubſtantiall.
Tech. We are his friends, and if the Perſean King
Should offer preſent Dukedomes to our ſtate,
We thinke it loſſe to make exchange foꝝ that.

the Scythian Shepheard.

We are assured of by our friendes successe,

Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we all expect,
Besides the honoz in assured conquests:
Where Kings shal crouch vnto our cōquering swords,
And hostes of Souldiours stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearefull tongues they shall confesse,
These are the men that all the world admires,

Ther. What strong enchauntments tice my yeelding
Are these resolu'd Noble Scythians? (soule?)
But shall I prooue a Traytoꝝ to my King?

Tam. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Won with thy wordes, and conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men and hoꝝe to thee (lookes,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridamas.

Tam. Theridamas my friend take heere my hand,
Which is as much as if I swoꝝe by heauen,
And cal'd the Gods to witnesse of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,
Untill our bodies turne to elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thꝝones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.

Tech. Welcome renowned Persean to vs all.

Cas. Long may Theridamas remaine with vs.

Tam. These are my friends, in whom I moꝝe reioyce
Then both the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pyllades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adoze in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Befoze I crowne you King in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.

Ther. Noꝝ thee, noꝝ them, thꝝice Noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladnes petre'd,
To doe you honoz and securitie.

Tam. A thousand thanks worthy Theridamas,
And now faire Madam, and my Noble Loꝝdes,

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

If you willingly remaine with me,

You shall haue honoꝛs, as your merriſs be:

Or else you shall be forc'd with ſlaueꝛie.

Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.

Tam. For you then Hadam, I am out of doubt.

Zeno. I muſt be pleas'd a perforce wretched Zenocrate.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

(Exeunt.

Cofroe, Menophon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other
Souldiers.

Cofroe. Thus farre are wee towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, y man of fame,

The man that in the forehead of his fortune,

Beares figures of renowne and myracle:

But tell me, that haſt ſeene him Menophon,

What ſtature weilds he, and what perſonage?

Mena. Of ſtature tall, and ſtraightly faſhion'd,
Like his deſire, liſt vpwards and diuine.

So large of limmes, his ioynts ſo ſtrongly knit,

Such breadth of ſhoulders as might mainely beare,

Olde Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,

A Pearle moze worth, then all the world is plaſt:

Wherein by curious ſoueraintie of art,

are fixt his pearcing instruments of ſight,

Whoſe fiery cyrcles beare encompaſſed,

a heauen of heauenly bodies in their Sphaeres:

That guides his ſteps and actions to the thꝛoane.

Where honoꝛ ſits inueſted royally:

Pale of complexion: wrought in him with paſſion,

Thirſting with ſoueraintie and loue of armes,

His loſtie browes in foldes, doe figure death,

and in their ſmoothnes, amitie and life:

about them hangs a knot of Amber haire,

Wapp'd in curles as fierce Achilles was,

On which the breath of heauen delights to play,

Making it dance with wanton Maieſtie.

His armes long, his fingers ſnowy-white,

Betokening valour and exceſſe of ſtrength,

the Scythian Shepheard.

In euery part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine.

Cros. **W**hel hast \bar{y} pourtraid in thy tearmes of life,
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth strive with fortune and his Stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth,
And well his merriits show him to be made
His fortunes Maister, and the King of men,
That could perswade at such a suddaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life
a thousand sworne and ouermatching foes,
then when our powers in pointes of swords are ioyn'd
and close in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made
That leades to pallace of my Brothers life,
Proud in his fortune if we pierce it not,
and when the Princely Persean Diadem
Shall ouerway his weary witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble Tamburlaine.
Shall be my Regent: and remaine as King.

Ortyg. In happie houre we haue set the Crowne,
Upon your Kingly head, that seekes our honoz,
In ioynning with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.

Gen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyzanny,
Defend his fredome gainst a Monarchie
What will he doe supported by a King,
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lordes,
and stufft with treasure for his highest thoughts.

Col. and such shall waite on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our armie will be fourty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and braue Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuier Araris,
and all conioyn'd to mcete the witlesse King,
That now is marching neere to Parthia,
and with vnwilling Souldiers faintly arm'd,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

To seeke reuenge on me and Tamburlaine :

To whome sweete Menaphon, direct me straight.

Menap. I will my Lord.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Mycetes, Meander, with other Lordes and
Souldiours.

Myce. Come my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tell you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same thee with villaine Tamburlaine.
And of that false Cosroe, my trayterous brother,
Would it not grieue a King to be so abused?
And haue a thousand hozsemen fane away?
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scald knaues as loue him not,
I thinke it would: well then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her doozes,
But I will haue Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword,
Tell you the rest (Meander) I haue said.

Mean. Then hauing past Armenian desarts now,
And pitcht our Tents vnder the Georgian hilles,
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian theeues,
That lie in ambush waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes,
Least if we let them linger heere a while
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile out-ragious men
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for that wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with giftes and promises,
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto the King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselse.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,

Shall

the Scythian Shepheard.

Shall rule the Province of Albania.

Who brings that Traytors head Theridamas,
Shall haue a gouernment in Medea:

Besides the spoile of him and all his traine:

But if Cosroe (as our Spials say,

And as we know) remaines with Tamburlaine,

His Hignesse pleasure is that he should liue,

And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

Aspy. An hundred horsemen of my company

Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,

Haue viewd the Army of the Scythians.

Which makes reporte, it far exceeds the Kings.

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinite,

Yet being void of Parttall discipline,

All running hed-long after greedy spoiles,

And more regarding gaine them victory,

Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,

Sprung of the Dragons venomous,

their carelesse swords shal lanch their fellows throates

And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.

Myc. Was their such bretheren, sweet Meander, say

That sprong of teeth of Dragons venomous?

Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.

Mycet. And tis a preetie toy to be a Poet,

Well, well, (Meander) thou art deeply read:

And hauing thee, I haue a Jewell sure:

Goe on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,

Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mea. Then Noble Souldiours, to intrap these theeuers,

That liue confounded in disordered troopes,

If wealth or ritches may preualle with them,

We haue our Cammels laden all with golde:

Which you that be but common Souldiers,

Shall sling in euery corner of the field:

And while the base bozne Tartars take it vp,

You fighting more for honor then for golde,

Shall massacre those greedy minded slaues:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And when their scattered armie is subdude,
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share equallie the golde that bought their lines,
And liue like Gentlemen in Persia,
Strike by Drum and march coztagiously,
Fortune her selfe doth sit vpon our Crestes.

Myc. He tels you true my Masters so he does,
Drums, why sou'd you not whē Mean. speaks? Exeunt

Actus. 1. Scœna. 2.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsum-
casane, Oitygius, with others.

Cosr. **N**ow worthy Tamburlaine haue I repose
In thy approued fortunes all my hope,
What thinkest thou man shall come of our attemptes?
For euen as from assured Oracle
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tam. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord,
For Fates and Oracles, heauen haue swozne
To royalize the deedes of Tamburlaine.
And make t hem blest that share in his attemptes.
And doubt you not but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deedes,
the world shall strue with hostes of men at armes,
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support.
The hoste of Xerxes which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian Araris,
Was but a handfull to that we will haue:
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Ioues dreedefull thunder bolttes,
Enrold in flames and fiery smoldering mistes.
Shall threate the Gods more than Cyclopian warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march.
Weele chase the Stars from heauen and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admired armes.

Ther. You see my Lord what working words he hath
But

the Scythian Shepheard.

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extoll his worth,
As I shall be commended and excuse,
For turning my poore charge to his direction:
And these his two renowned friends, my Lord,
Would make one thurst and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amitie.

Tech. With dutie and with amitie we yeeld
Our utmost seruice to the faire Cosroe.

Cosr. Which I esteeme as portion of my Crowne,
Vsumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous armes,
Shall make me soely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your deeds and valours be aduauit
To roomes of honour and nobility.

Tam. When hast Cosroe to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men
May triumph in our long expected Fate.
The King your brother is now hard at hand,
Meet with the foole, and rid your royall Shoulders
Of such a burthen, as out-wates the sandes
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mess. My Lord, we haue discovered the enemie
Kedy to charge you with a mightie armie.

Cosr. Come Tamburlaine, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy loftie arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Perseas Crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tam. See where it is, the keenest Turtle-are
That ere made passage thorow Persean armes,
These are the winges shall make it flye as swift
As doth the lightning, or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure, as it swiftly flies.

Cosr. Thy wordes assure me of kinde successe:
Goe valiant Souldiour, goe before and charge,
The fainting armie of that foolish King.

Tam, Vsumca-

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Tam. Vsumcasane and Techelles, come,
We are enough to scarre the enemy,
and moze then needes to make an Emperour.
To the Battaille, and Mycetes comes out alone with his
crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented warre,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand those staggering like a quivering aspen lease,
Fearing the force of Boreas boysterous blastes:
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisedomes loze:
For Kinges are cloutes that euery man shoots at,
Our crowne the pin that thousands seek to cleaue.
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole,
So shall not I be knowne, or if I be,
They cannot take away my crowne from me:
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tam. What fearefull coward stragling frō the camp
When Kinges themselues are present in the field.

Myc. Thou lye.

Tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue me the lye?

Myc. Away, I am the King, go, touch me not,
Thou breakst the law of Armes, vnlesse thou kneele,
And cry me mercy, Noble King.

Tam. Are you the wittie King of Persea?

Myc. I mary am I: haue you any sute to me?

Tam. I would intreate you to speake but thzee wise

Myc. So I can when I see my time. (wozdes,

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myc. I, didst thou euer see a sayzer?

Tam. You will not sell it, will ye?

My. Such an other word, & I will haue thee executed:
Come giue it me?

Tam. Po,

the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. No, I tooke it Prisoner.

Myc. You lie, I gave it you,

Tam. Then tis mine.

Myc. No, I meane, I let you keepe it.

Tam. Well, I meane you shall haue it againe,

Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,

Will I may see thee hem'd with armed men,

When shalt thou see me pull it from thy head,

Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine,

Myc. O Gods, is this Tamburlaine the theefe?
I maruell much he stole it not away.

Sound Trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas; Menaphon, Meander,
Ortygius, Techelles, Vsumcafane,
with others,

(crownes

Tam. **H**old thee Cosroe, weare two Imperiall
Think thee inuested now as royally,
Euen by the mightie hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many Kinges as could encompasse thee
With greatest pompe had crownd thee Emperour.

Cosr. So doe I, thrice renowned men at armes,
and none shall keepe the Crowne but Tamburlaine,
Thee doe I make my Regent of Persia,
and generall Lieftenant of my armies,
Meander, you that were our Brothers guide,
and chiefeest counseler in all his actes,
Since he is yeilded to the stroke of warre,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equall place in our affaires.

Mea. Moste happlest Emperour in humblest tearms
I bow my seruice to your Maiestie,
With utmost vertue of my faith and duetie.

Cos. Thanks good Meander, then Cosroe raigne,
And governe Persia in her former pompe:

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Now send Embassage to thy neighbour Kinges,
And let them know the Persian King is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a King should doe,
To one that can command what longes thereto.
And now we will to faire Persepolis,
With twentie thousand expert Souldiours,
The Lordes and Captaines of my Brothers campe,
With little slaughter take Meanders course,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trustie friendes,
Now will I gratifie your former good,
and grace your calling with a greater sway.

Ortyg. And as we euer aimed at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honour it deseru'd,
So wil we with our powers and our liues
Indenour to preserve and prosper it.

Cof. I will not thanke thee (sweet Ortygius)
Better repltes shall prooue my purposes:
and now Lord Tamburlaine, my Brothers campe
I leaue to thee, and to Theridamas,
To follow me to faire Persepolis,
Then will I march to all those Indian mines,
My wittlese Brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and vsury,
and till thou ouertake me Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Far well Lord Regent and his happie friendes,
I long to sit vpon my Brothers throne.

Mena. Your Maiesty shall shortly haue your wish,
and ride in tryumph through Persepolis. Exeunt.

Manent Tamburlaine, Techelles Therida, Vsumc.

Tam. And ride in tryumph through Persepolis?
Is it not broue to be a King, Techelles?
Vsumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in tryumph through Persepolis?

Tech. O my Lord tis sweete and full of pompe.

Vsum. To

the Scythian Shepheard.

Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.

Ther. A God is not so glozious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they enjoy in heauen
Cannot compare with Kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a crowne enchac'd with Pearle and Golde,
Whose vertues carrie with it life and death.
To aske, and haue, commaund, and be obeyed:
When looks bzyede lone, with lookes to gaine the pryze,
Such power attractive shines in Princes eyes.

Tam. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a King?

Ther. Nay, though I pryasse it, I can liue without it.

Tam. What saies my other friends, wil you be Kings?

Tech. I, if I could with all my heart, my Lord,

Tam. Why, that's well said Techelles, so would I.

And so would you my Haisters, would you not?

Vsum. What then my Lord?

Tam. Why then Casanes shall we with soz ought
The world affoordz in greatest nouelty,
And rest attemptlesse faint and desstitute?
He thinks we should not, I am strongly moou'd,
That if I should desire the Persean crowne,
I could attaine it with a wondrous ease,
And would not all our Souldiers soone consent,
If we should ayne at such a dignitie?

Ther. I know they would with our perswasions,

Tam. Why then Theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
When thou soz Parthia, they soz Scythia and Medea,
And if I prosper all shall be as sure,
as if the Turke, the Pope, Affricke and Grece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apeece.

Tech. When shall we send to this tryumphing king
And bid him battaile soz his nouell Crowne:

Vsum. Nay quickly then, befoze his roome be hot.

Tam. I wil prooue a prettie iest (in faith) my friends

Ther. A iest to charge on twenty thousand men?
I iudge the purchase moze important farre.

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Tam. Judge by thy selfe Theridamas, not me,
For presently Techelles heere shall haste,
To bid him battaile ere he passe to farre,
And loose more labour then the gaine will quight.
Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his backe to warre with vs,
That onely made him King, to make vs spozte,
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning with more warriours.
Hast thee Techelles, we will followe thee.
What saith Theridamas?

Ther. Go on for me.

Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 6.

Cosroe, Meander, Orrygus Menaphon, with other
Souldiours.

Cos. **W**hat meanes this diuelish Shepherd to
With such a gyanly presumption: (aspire
To cast vp hilles against the face of heauen,
And dare the force of angry Iupiter.
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hilles,
and prest out fire from their burning iawes:
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall euer feede vpon his soule.

Men. Some powers diuine, or else infernall, mixt
Their angry seedes at his conception:
For he was neuer sprung of humane race,
Since with the spirit of his searefull pride,
He dare so doubtlesly resolue of rule,
and by profession be ambitious.

Orig. What God, or fiend, or spirit of the earth
Or monster turned to a manly shape.
Or of what mould, or mettle he be made.
What starre or state soeuer governe him,
Let vs put on our meete incounting mindes,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

and in detesting such a diueltish theefe,
In loue of honouꝛ and defence of right,
We arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolu'd my good Ortigius,
and since we all haue suckt one wholesome aire,
and with the same pꝛopoztion of Elements,
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
Knowing our loues to equall death and life,
Lets cheere our Souldiours to encounter him,
that greuous image of ingratitude
That fiery thirster after Soueraintie:
and burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and Empery,
Resolue my Lozdes and louing Souldiours now,
to saue your King and country from decay,
Then strike vp Drum and all the starres that make
the loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
that thus opposeth him against the Gods,
and scoznes the powers that gouerne Persea.

Enter to the battel, & after the battle, enter Cosroe wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsum-
casane, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
thus to depꝛiue me of my Crowne and life:
Treacheraus and false Theridimas,
Euen at the morning of my happie state,
Scarce being seated in my Royall thꝛoane,
To worke my downefall and vntimely end.
an vncoth paine toments my griued soule
and death arrests the organ of my voice.
Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made
Sackes euery vaine and artier of my heart,
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine.

Tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crown

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

That caus'd the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops,
to thrust his dotting Father from his chaire,
and place himselfe in the Emperiall heauen.
Hoo'd me to manage armes against thy state.
What better president then mightie Ioue?
Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our beastes for regimen,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspiring mindes:
Our soules whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
and measure euery wandring Planets course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
and alwaies mourning as the restlesse Spheraes,
Wills vs to weare our selues and neuer rest
Untill we reach the ripest fruite of all,
that perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
the sweete fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. and that made me to ioyne with Tamburlaine,
For he is grosse and like the massy earth
that mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deedes,
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sozt.

rech. and that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine;
to lift our swords against the Persean King.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn down
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crowne,
So doe we hope to raigne in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persea.

Cof. The strangest men that euer nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannies:
My bloodlesse bodie wareth chille and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound:
My soule begins to take her flight to hell,
and summons all my senses to depart:
The heate and moysture which did feede each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
As dye and colde, and now dooth gassly death
With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding heart,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

And like a Harper tyers on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tam. Not all the curses which the Furies breathe,
Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this,
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who thinke you now is King of Persia?

All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine.

Tam. Though Mars himselfe the angry God of armes
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet will I weare it in despight of them,
as great commander of this Eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall raigne.

All. Long liue Tamburlaine, and raigne in Asia.

Tam. So, now it is more surer on my head,
Then if the Gods had held a Parliament,
And all pronounst me King of Persia. Finis. Actus. 2.

Actus. 3. Scena. 1.

Baiazeth, the Kinges of Fess. Morocco, and Argier, with
others in great pompe.

Baia. **G**reat Kings of Barbarie, & my poztly Bassoes,
We heare the Tartars & the Eastern thæues
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperour:
and thinke to rouse vs from our dreadfull siegedge,
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople:
You know our armie is invincible:
as many circumcised Turkes we haue,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,
as hath the Ocean or the Terren sea,
Small drops of water, when the Doone begins:
To toyne in one her semicircled hoznes:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Yet would we not be brau'd with sozraine power,
For raise our sledge befoze the Grecians yeeld,
Or breathlesse lye befoz the Cittie walles.

Fel. Renowned Emperour, and mightie generall,
What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard,
To charge him to remaine in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly armes,
as from the mouth of mightie Baiazech.

Baiaz. Hee thee my Brother fast to Persia,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
Dread Lord of Affricke, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and Conquerour of Grecia.
The Oceane, Terrene and the cole-blacke sea,
The high and highest Monarch of the world,
Wills and commands (soz say not I intreate)
For once to set his foote on Affrica,
Or spread his colours in Grecia,
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant minde.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage armes with me.
Then say thou with him, say I bid thee so,
and if befoze the sunne haue measured the heauen
With triple circuit thou regreete vs not,
We meane to take his moznings next arise
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
and meane to fetch thee in despight of him.

Bass. Moste great and puissant Monarch of the earth
your Bassoe will accomplish your behest:
and shew your pleasure to the Persian,
as fits the Legate of the stately Turke. Exit. Bass.

Arg. They say he is the King of Persia,
But if he dare attempt to stirre your sledge,
Twere requeste he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Baiaz. True (Argier) and tremble at my lookes.

Moro. The

the Scythian Shepherd.

Moro. The spring is hindered by your smothering host,
For neither raine can fall vpon the earth,
Nor Sun reflects his vertuous beames thereon:
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.

Fest. What thinks your greatnes best to bee atchiud
In puasuit of the Citties ouerthowe?

Bai. I will the captiue pioners of Argier
Cut off the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the Cittie from the mountaine Carnon.
Two thousand Horse shall sozrage by and downe,
That no reliefe or succour come by land.
And all the Sea my Gallies countermaund.
Then shall our footemen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulfe,
Batter the walles and wee will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

M Adam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these vnquiet fits?
That worke such trouble to your wonted rest?
Tis more then pittie such a heauenly face,
Should by hearts sozrow ware so wan and pale:
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
Which of your whole displeasures should be moſte
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.

Zen. Although it be digested long agoe,
As his exceeding fauours haue deſeru'd,
And might content the Dusene of heauen as well,
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdaine,
Yet since a farther passion feedes my thoughts,
With carelesse and disconsolate conceits,
Which dies my lookes, so linelesse as they are,
And might, if my extreames had full euent,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

Agid. Sternall heauen sooner be dilolu'd,
And all that pierceth Phoebus siluer eye,
Befoze such hap fall to Zenocrate.

Zen. Ah life and soule still houer in the breast,
And leaue my bodie sencelesse as the earth,
Or else vnite me to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with Tamburlane.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

Agid. With Tamburlaine? Ah faire Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holdes you from your father in despite,
And keepes you from the honours of a Queene,
Being supposde his w orthlesse Concubine,
Be honoured with your loue, but for necessitie,
So now the mightie Sondian heeres of you,
Your Higencee needes not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction,
Redeeme you from this deadely seruitude.

Zen. Leaue to wound me with these wordes,
And speake of Tamburlaine as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is farre from villaniz or seruitude,
And might in noble mindes be counted Princely.

Agid. How can you fancie one that lookes so fierce,
Onely disposed to marttall Stratagemes?
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.
And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle soorth his faces of warre and blood,
Too harsh a subiect for your dainty eares.

Zen. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing Creepe
Or when the morning holds him in her armes,
So lookes my Lordly loue, faire Tamburlaine.
His talke more sweeter then the Muses song,
They sung for honoz gainst Pericles;

the Scythian Shepheard.

O, when Minerua did with Neptune strine,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Then Iuno sister to the highest God,
If I were matcht with mightie Tamburlaine.

Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the young Arabian liue in hope,
After your rescue to inioy his choice:

You see though first the King of Persia
(Being a Shepheard) seem'd to loue you much;
Now in his Maiestie he leaues those lookes,
Those words of fauour, and those comfoztings,
And giues no moze then common courtesies.

Zen. Thence rise the teares that so distain my cheeks
Fearing his loue through my vnworthinesse,

Tamburlaine goes to her & takes her away louingly by
the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas, and
sayes nothing.

Agid. Betraid by Fortune and suspicious loue,
Threatned with frowning wrath and iealousie,
Surpris'd with feare of hideous reuenge,
I stand agast: but moste astonied
To see his choller that in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angrie soule:
Upon his browes was pourtraid vgly death,
And in his eyes the furie of his heart:
That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
And castes a pale complexion on his cheekes,
As when the sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an arme of Cemerian cloudes,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged Steedes,
All sweating, tilt about the watry heauens,
With shiuering speares enfozsing thunder claps,
And from their sheldes strike flames of lightening)
All fearefull foldes his sayles, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aide,
Against the terroz of the windes and waues.

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

So fares Agidas for the late felt frownes,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrowe.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

Tech. See you Agidas how the King salutes you,
He bids you propheticke what it imports.

Agid. I prophesied before, and now I prooue,
The killing frownes of tealousie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For wordes are vaine where working tooles present,
The naked action of my threathned end,
It saies, Agidas, thou shalt surely dye.

And of extremities elect the least,
More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To die by this resolved hand of thine,
then stay the torments, he and heauen haue swozne.

Then hast Agidas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:

Goe wander free from feare of Tyrants rage,
Remooued from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule,

And let Agidas by Agidas dye,
And with this stab slumber eternally. Stabs himselfe.

Tech. Vsumcasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.

Vsum. Faith, and Techelles it was manly done:
and since he was so wise and honorabell,

Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence.
And craue his triple worthy buriall.

Tech. Agreed Casane we will honor him.

Actus. 3. Scena. 3.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Theridimas, Bassoc, Zenocrate, with others.

Tam. Bassoc, by this thy Lord and Maister knowes
I meane to meete him in Bithinia.

the Scythian Shepheard.

See how he comes? tush, Turkes are full of bragg
and meane moze then they can well perfozme:
He mee t me in the field and fetcht thee hence?
Alas (pooze Turke) his fortune is too weake,
T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine,
View well my campe, and speake indifferently,
Doe not my Captaines and my Souldiers looke
As if they ment to conquer Affrica?

Bass. Your men are valiant, but their number fewe,
and cannot terriste his mightie hoste,
By Lord, the great commaunder of the world,
Besides fiftene contributozie Kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steedes,
Brought to the warre by men of Trypolie.
Two hundred thousand footemen that haue seru'd,
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this warre,
If he thinke good can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many moze to follow him.

Tech. The moze he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perrish by our war like hands,
we meane to seate our footemen on their Steedes,
and rife all those stately Janisares.

Tam. But will those Kings accompany your Lord?

Bas. Such as his highnesse please, but some must stay
To rule the prouinces he late subdude.

Tam. When fight cozragiously their crowns are yours
This hand shall set them on your conquering heades,
That made me Emperour of Asia.

Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Westerne Affrica and Greece,
Yet we assure vs of the victozy.

Ther. Euen he that in a trice vanquisht two Kings,
Moze mightie then the Turkish Emperour,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and persue
His scattered armie till they yeeld or die.

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Tam. Well said Theridamas, speake in that moode,
For will and shall best sitteth Tamburlaine,
whose smiling Stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall tryumph, ere hee meete his foes:
I that am feare'd the Scourge and wrath of God,
The onely feare and terroz of the world,
Will first subdue the Turke, and then enlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues
Wardning their bodies with your heauie chaines,
And seeding them with thin and slender sare,
That naked rowe about the Terren sea,
And when they chance to bzeath and rest a space,
Are punish't with Ballstones so grienously,
That lie panting on the Gallies side,
And strue for life at euery stroke they giue.
These are the cruell Pirates of Argier,
That damned traine, the scum of Affrica,
Inhabited with Tragling Kunnagates,
that make quicke hauoke of the Christian blood:
But as I live, that towne shall curse the time
that Tamburlaine set foote in Affrica.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes, and his contributory Kinges.

Bai. Bassoes and Janisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.

Tam. Techelles, and the rest, prepare your swordes,
I meane t' encounter with that Baiazeth,

Bai. Kings of Fesse, Moroccus and Argier,
He calls me Baiazeth, whome you call Lord:
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue,
I tell thee villaine, those that leade my horse
Haue to their names title of dignitie,

And dar' it thou bluntly call me Baiazeth? (horse

Tam. And know thou Turk, that those which lead my
Shall leade thee Captiue thozow Affrica,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

Bai. By Mahomet, my Kingsmans Sepulcher,
and by the holy Alcaron I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustlesse Eunuke,
and in my Sarell fend my Concubines:
and all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
shall draw the Chariot of my Emperesse.

Whome I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.

Tam. By this my sword that conquered Persia,
thy fall shall make me famous through the world,
I will not tell thee how I will handle thee,
But every common Souldiour of my Campe,
shall smile to see thy miserable state.

Fest. What meanes this mightie Turkish Emperoz
to talke with one so base as Tamburlaine?

Mor. He Doozes, and valiant men of Barbary,
How can you suffer these indignities?

Arg. Leauē words, & let thē feele your Lances points
which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.

Bai. Well said my stont contributozie Kings:
Your threefold armie and my bugie hoste,
shall swallow vp these base bozne Peasians.

Tech. Puissant, renowned and mightie Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their liues?

-Th. I long to see those Crownes won by our swords
that we may raigne as Kings of Affrica?

Vsum. What coward would not fight for such a prize

Tam. Fight all couragiously and be you Kinges.

I speake it, and my wordes are Oracles,

Bai. Zabina, Mother of three beaue boyes,
Then Hercules, that in his infancie,
Did pass the lawes of Serpents venemous,
Whose handes are made to gripe a warlike Lance,
Their shoulders broad for complbat armour fit,
Their limmes more large and of a bigger size,
When all the Brats vsprung from tryphons loynes.
Who when they come vnto their fathers age,

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Will batter turrets with their manly fists.
Sit heere vpon this royall chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my emperiall crowne,
Untill I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
and all his Captaines bound in captiue chaines.

Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth,
Tam. Zenocrate, the loneliest Maid aliuie,
Fairer then rockes of Pearle and pzeious Stone,
The onely Parragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
And speech moze pleasant then sweete harmony,
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkned skie,
And calme the rage of thundring Iupiter:
Sit downe by her, adozned with my crowne,
as if thou wert the Emperesse of the world.

Stir not zenocrate, vntill thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing ouer him and these his Kinges,
Which I will bring as vassels to thy feete.
Will then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And manage wordes with her, as we will armes,

Zen. And may my loue the King of Persia,
Returne with victorie, and free from wound.

Bai. Now shalt thou seele the force of Turkish armes
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moozes and Jewes
Enough to couer all Bythinia.

Let thousands die, their slaughtered carcasses,
Shall serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest,
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subdued, shall stand as mightie as before:
If they should yeeld their neckes vnto the sword,
Thy Souldiers armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee,
Thou knowst not (foolish hardy Tamburlaine)
What tis to meete me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.

Tam. Dur

the Scythian Shepheard.

ram. Our conquering swords shal marshall vs y way
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe,
Trampling their bowels with our hozles boofes:
Braue hozles, bred on the white Tartarian hilles,
My campe is like to Iulius Cæsars hoste,
That neuer fought but had the victoꝝy,
For in Pharsalia was their such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of spirits fleeting in the ayze,
Direct our bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our strokes to wound the sencelesse lure,
and when she sees our bloody colours spzead,
then victoꝝie begins to take her flight,
Kestling herselfe vpon my milk-white Tent.
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall:
The field is ours, the Turke, his wife and all.

Exit with his followers.

Bai. Come Kinges & Bassoes, let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the feeble Persians blood.

Exit with his followers.

Zab. Wase Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me,
That am the Emperesse of the mightie Turke?

Zen. Disdainefull Turkesse, and vnreuerend Wosse,
Cal'st thou me Concubine that am betroth'd
Vnto the great and mightie Tamburlaine?

Zab. To tamburlaine the great Tartarian theefe,

Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish wordes of thine,
When thy greate Bassoe-maister and thy selfe,
Must pleade for mercy at his Kingly feete,
and sue to me to be your aduocate.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
thou shalt be laundresse to my waiting maide,
How lik'st thou her Ebea, will she serue?

Ebea. Madam, she thinkes perhaps she is to fine,
But I shall turne her into other weedes,
and make her daintie fingers fall to woꝝke.

Zen. Hearst thou Anippe, how thy dzudge doth talke

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and make her dainty fingers fall to worke.

Zen. Hast thou Anippe, how thy Dudge doth talke,
and how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth?
Both for their satisfinesse shall be imployed,
To dresse the common souldiours meat and drinke,
For we will scoone they should come nrere our sekues.

Ani. Yet sometimes let your Highnes send for them
To doe the worke my chamber maide disdaines.

They sound to the Battaile within, and stay.

Zen. Be Gods hand powers that gouerne Persia,
and made my Lordly loue her worthy King.

Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baiazeth
and let his soes like flockes of fearefull Koes,
Persude by hunters, flye his angry lookes,
That I may see him issue Conqueroz.

Zab. Now Mahomet, sollicit God himselfe,
and make him raine downe murdering shot from heauen
To dash the Scythians bzaines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred Urine
When first he war'd against the Christians.

To the battaile againe.

zen. By this the Turks lies weltring in their blood,
as Tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica.

Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets sound
and when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greekes,
And led them captiue into Affrica,
Straight will I vse thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and dye my slaue.

zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen & sweare
My Royall Lord is slayne or conquered,
Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,
But that he liues and will be conqueroz.

Biazeth flies, and he persues him,
The Battell is short, and they enter,
Biazeth is ouercome.

Tam. Now

the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. Now King of Bassoes, who is Conquerour?

Bai. Thou by the fortune of thys damned soyle.

Tam. Where are your stout contributoze Kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas,

Vsumcasane.

(field

Tech. We haue their crownes, their bodies strew the
ram. Each man a crowne, wby kingly saught yfaith.
Deliuert hem into my treasury.

Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall crowne againe so highly won:

ram. Nay take the Turkish crowne from her zeno-
and crowne me Emperour of Affrica. (crate

zab. No Tamburlaine, though now thou got the best,
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

Ther. Giue her the Crowne Turkeffe you were best
He takes it from her, and giues it zencrate.

zab. Iniurious villaines, theeues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Majesty?

Ther. Heere Madam, you are Emperesse, she is none.

Tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillars that haue bolstered by those tearmes,
are falne in clusters at my conquering feete.

zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.

ram. Not all the world shall ransom Baiazeth,
and neuer had the Turkish Emperour

Bai. Ah faire Zabina, wee haue lost the field,
So great a soyle by any sozraine foe.

Now will the Chyrtias miscreants be glad,
Kinging with ioy their superstitious Wels
and making Bonfires for my ouerthrow:

But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones:

For though the glozie of this day be lost,
Affricke and Greece haue garrisons enough
to make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.

ram. Whose walled garrisons will I subdue,

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And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica,
So from the East vnto the farthest West,
Shall ramburlaine extend his puissant arme:
The Gallies and those pilling Bizzandines
That yearely sayle to the Venetian gulfe,
and houer in the Straights for Chyistians wracke,
Shall lye at anchoꝛ in the Isle Asant,
Vntill the Persian flecte and men of warre,
Sayling along the Dzentiall sea,
Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:
Euen from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the Straights of Iubalter.
Where they shall meete, and ioyne their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale,
and all the Ocean by the Brittish shore,
and by this meanes ile win the world at last.

Ba. Yet set a ransome on me ramburlaine.

ram. What? thinks y ramburlaine esteemes thy gold?
Ile make the Kinges of India ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath,
Come binde them both, and one leade in the Turke,
the turkelle let my Loues Maide lead away.

they binde them.

Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes?
O Mahomet, O sleepey Mahomet!

Zab. O cursed Mahomet, that makes vs thus
the slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.

ram. Come bring them in, and for this happy conquest
triumph and solemnize a materiall feast. Exeunt

Finis Actus tertij

Actus 4. Scena, 1

Souldan of Egipt, with three or foure Lords,

Capolin,

Soul **A** Wake ye men of Memphis, heare y clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskes,
That

the Scythian Shepheard.

That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe,
The rogne of Vo'ga holds Zenocrate,
The Souldans Daughter for his Concubine,
and with a troope of heeues and Wagabonds
Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace,
While you faint hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbring on the flowzy bankes of Nile,
as Crocadies, that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundzing cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eyes
commaunds the hearts of his associates:
It might amaze your royall Maestie.

Soul. Willaine, I tel thee, were that Tamburlaine,
as monstrous as Gorgon, prince of Hell,
The Souldan would not start a foote from him,
But speake, what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing Steedes, disdainefully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
Five hundred thousand footemen threating hot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and yron bills,
Enuironing their standerd round, that stood,
As bysse-pointed as a thornie wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their marttall men.

Soul. Nay could their numbers counteruaile the stars
Or ever drizzling drops of aprill showers,
Or withered leaues that autumn shaketh downe,
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall.

Cap. So might your Highnes, had you time to sozt
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste:
But Tamburlaine by expedition

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Advantage takes of your vnreadinesse,

Soul. Let him take all the advantages he can,
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Pay, were he the denill, as he is no man,
Yet in reuengs of faire Zenocrate,
Whome he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus:
To throud his shame in darkenesse of the night.

Me. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution farre exceedeth all:

The first day when he pitcheth downe his Tents,
While is their heu, and on his silver crest
a snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
to signifie the myldenesse of his minde:

That satiate with spoyle, refuseth blood,
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
as red as Scarlet is his furniture,

Then must his kindled wrath be queucht with blood:
Not sparing any that cen manage armes:

But if these threates mooue not submission,
Blacke are his colours, blacke Pavilion,

His speare, his shield, his horse, his armoir plumes,
And Fettle feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Dere, degree or age,
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.

Soul. Mercilesse villaine, Peasant, ignozant
Of lawfull armes, or Partiall disciplines.

Pillage and murder are his vsual trades,

The slaue vsurpes the glozious name of warre.

See Capolin the faire Arabian King,

That hath been disappointed by this slaue,

Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue,

May haue fresh warning to goe warre with vs,
and be reueng'd for her disparagement.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Bajazeth in his cage, and his wife following him.

Tam. **B**ring out my foote-schoole.
They take him out of the Cage.

Bai. Ye holy Priestes of heauenly Mahomet,
What sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood,
Make heauen to frowne and euery fixed Star,
To sucke vp poyson from the Moorish fens,
and poure it in this glorious tyrants throate.

Tam. The chiefest God, first moouer of that speare,
Enchar'd with thousands euer shining lamps,
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of heauen,
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrowe:
But villaine, thou that wishest it to me,
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainefull earth,
and be the foote-schoole of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my Royall Throne.

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Befoze I yeelde to such a flauerte.

Tam. Base villaine, bassall, slave to Tamburlaine,
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That beares the honour of my royall waight,
Stoope villaine, stoope, stoope, for so he bids,
That may commaund thee peccemate to be tozue,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Strooke with the voice of thundring Iupiter,

Bai. Then as I looke downe to the damned fiendes
fiendes looke on me, and thou dread God of hell,
With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

Tam. Now cleare the triple region of the ayre,
and let the Maiestie of heauen behold

Their

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Their Scourge and terrour treade on Emperours,
Smile Stars that raign'd at my natiuitie:
and dim the brightnes of their neighbour lampes.

Disdaine to borrow light of Cinthia,
For I the chiefest lampe of all the earth,
First rising in the east with milde aspect,
But fired now in the Meridian line,
Will send by fire to your turning Sphaeres,
and cause the sunne to borrow light of you:
My sword strooke fire from his coate of Steele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke,
as when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freeing cloud,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin crack,
and casts a flash of lightning on the earth:

But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Do leave Damascus, and the Egyptian fields.
as was the same of Clymeus brainsicke Sonne,
That almoste burnt the areltree of heauen:
So shall our swords, our lances and our shot
Fill all the ayre with fiery meteors:
When when the skie shall waxe as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me thinke of naught but blood and warre,

Zab. Unworthy King, that by thy crueltie.
Unlawfully vsurp's the Persean seate,
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Befoze thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his Kingly bodie in a cage,
That Coffes of golde and sunbright Pallaces,
Should haue prepared to entertaine his grace,
and treading him beneath thy loathsome feete,
Whose feete the King of Affrica haue kiss?

rech. You must denie some torment worse my Lord
To make these captiues reine their lauishtongues.

Tam. Zenocrate, looke better to your slave:

zen. She

the Scythian Shepheard.

Zen. She is my handmaids slave and she shall looke
That these abuses flowe not from her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.

Anip. Let these be warnings then for you my slave
How you abuse the Person of the King:

Or else I sweare to haue you whipt starke nak'd,

Bai. Great Tamburlaine, great in my ouerthrowe,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the backe of Baiazeth,
That should be horsed on foure mightie Kings.

Tam. Thy names and Titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings.
Put him in againe.

Bai. Is this a place for mightie Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helpe thee thus.

Tam. There while he liues shall Baiazeth be kept,
And where I goe he thus in tryumph shall one:
And thou his wife shalt feede him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring thee from my boord:
For he that giues him other foode then this:
Shall sit by him, and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.

Not all the Kings and Emperours of the earth,
If they would lay their crownes before my seete,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage:
The ages that shall talke of Tamburlaine,
Euen from this day to Platoes wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These Moores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall leade him with vs where so ere we goe:
Techelles and my louing followers,
How may we see Damascus loftie Towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphion fieldes
The golden statue of their feathered Bird

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

That spreades her winges vpon the Cittie walles,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The Townes men maske in silke and cloath of golde,
And every house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.

Ther. Pout tents of white, now pitch'd befoze the
And gentle flags of amitie displaid, (gates
I doubt not but the gouernoz will yeeld,
Offering Damascus to your Maiestie.

Tam. So shall hee haue his life, and all the rest:
But if he stay vntill the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my Vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long:
And when they see me march in blacke array,
With mournefull streamers hanging down their heads
Where in that citie all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.

zen. Yet would you haue some pittie for my sake,
Because it is my Countries and my Fathers.

Tam. Not for the world zenocrate, if I haue sworne:
Come bying in the turke. Ezcunt.

Actus. 4. Scena. 3

Souldane, Arabia. Capoline, with streaming collours and
Souldiours.

Sould. **M**e thinks we march as Meleager did,
Mentioned with braue Argolian Knights
to chace the sauage Calcedonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with Thebane youthes,
Against the Wolfe that angry Themis sent,
to waste and spoyle the sweete Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of Rapine, pyracie and spoyle:
the scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Raues in Egyptia, and annoyeth vs:
My Lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdie Felon, and a base bred theefe:

the Scythian Shepheard.

By murder raised to the Persian Crowne,
that dare controle vs in our territories.
to tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Joyne your Arabians with the Souldans power,
Let vs vnite our Royall handes in one,
and hasten to remooue Damascus sledge,
It is a blemish to the maiestie
and high estate of mightie Emperors,
that such a base vsurping vagabond
Should braue a King, or weare a princely Crowne.

Ara. Renowned Souldane, haue ye lately heard
the ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bithinia?
the slauery wherewith he persecutes
the Noble turke and his great Empreesse.

Soul. I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe
But Noble Lord of great Arabia,
We so perswaded that the Souldane is
No more dismayd with tydings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot standes
and biewes a Strangers ship rent in the winde^s
and shiuered against a craggie roc ke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis holy name,
the Tamburlaine shall rue the day and houre,
When he wrought such ignominious wrong,
Vnto the hallowed person of a Prince,
Who kept the faire zynocrate so long,
as concubine (I feare) to feede his lust.

Ara. Let grieffe and furie hasten on reuenge,
Let Tamburlaine f. his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him,
I long to bzeake my speare vpon his cress,
and prooue the waight of his victozious arme:
For fame I feare hath beene to prodigall
In sounding through the world his partiall praise.
Soul. Capolin, hast thou surnaide our powers?

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia, I
The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fiftie thousand Horse,
Two hundred thousand foote, brave men at armes,
Couragious, full of hardinesse:

As frolike as the hunters in the chace
Of savage Beasts amid the desert woodes.

Arab. My minde p̄sage th fort unate successe,
And Tamburlaine, my spirit dooth foze see
The utter ruine of thy men and thee, (Drummes
Soul. Then reare your Standards, let your sounding
Direct our Souldiours to Damascus walles,
Now Tamburlaine the mightie Souldane comes,
And leades with him the great Arabian King,
To dim the basnesse of obscuritie:
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoyle:
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and Persian Perians. Exeunt

Actus. 4. Scena. 4

The banquet, & to it commeth Tamburlaine al in Scar-
let, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, the
Turke, with others.

Tam. **N**OW haue your bloody collours by Damascus.
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads,
While they walke quivering on their City Walles,
Palse dead for feare, befoze they feele my wꝛath
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of warre,
That meanes to fill your Helms full of golde:
And make Damascus spoyles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden floete:
And now Baiazeth, hast thou any li. nacke?

Bai. I such a stomack (cruell Tamburlaine) as I could
willingly feede vpon thy blond-raue heart.

Tam. Pay, thine owne is easter to come by, pluck out
And twill serue thee & thy wife: wel Zenocrate, (that
Techelles, and the rest fall to your victuals:

Bai. Fall to and neuer may your meate digest:

the Scythian Shepheard.

Ye furies that can walke inuisible,
Dine to the bottome of Auernas poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poyson vp,
And squease it in the cup of Tamburlaine:
O; winged Snakes of Lerna cast your stinges,
And leaue your venoms in this tyrants dish.

Zab. And may this banquet proue as ominous,
As Prognos to th'adulterous Thraetan King,
That fed vpon the substance of his childe.

Zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outragious
curses by these slaves of yours?

Tam. To let them see, diuine Zenocrate,
I glozy in the curses of my foes:
Having the power from the imperiall heauen,
To turne them all vpon their proper heads.

Teche. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this
speech is a good refreshnig to them.

Ther. But if his Highnesse would let them be fed, it
would doe them moze good.

Tam. Sirra, why fall ye not too, are you so daintily
brought vp, you cannot eate your owne flesh?

Ba. First legions of Devils shall teare thee in perces.

Vsum. Villain, knowst thou to whome thou speakest.

Tam. O let him alone there, eate sir, take it vp from
my sword's point, or ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

Ther. He stamps it vnder his feete my Lord.

Tam. Take it vp villaine and eate it, or I will make
thee sleece the brazures of thy armes into carbonadoes,
and eate them.

Vsum. Nay, twere better he kild his wife, and then
she shal be sure not to be staru'd, and he be prouided for a
monthes victuall befoze hand.

Tam. Heere is my dagger, dispatch her while she is
fat, for if she liue but a while longer, she will not fall into a
consumption with fretting & then she wil not be woorth
the eating.

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Ther. Doest thou thinke that Mahomet wil suffer this Tech. 'Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.

Tam. Go to, fall to your meate, what not a bit: be like he hath not beene watred to day: giue him some drinke.

They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it
on the ground.

Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eate:
How now Zenocrate, dooth not the turke and his wife
make a goodly show at a banquet?

Zen. Yes, my Lord? (sozt of musicke.

Ther. He thinks 'tis a greate deale better then a con-
ram. Yet musicke would doe well to cheare vp Zeno-
crate: pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt
haue a song, the Turke shall vntaine his voice: but why
is it?

Zen. By Lord to see my fathers towne besiedg'd,
The countrie wasted where my selfe was bozne:
How can it but afflict my verie soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
O, if my loue vnto your maiestie
May meritt fauour at your Highnesse hands,
Then raise your sledge from faire Damascus walles,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

Tam. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make Ioue to stoope,
I will confute those blinde Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I meane to trace,
and with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the prouinces citties, and townes,
After my name and thine Zenocrate:
Heere at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular.
And wouldst thou haue me buy my fathers loue
With such a losse: Tel me Zenocrate?

zen. Honor still waite on happy Tamburlaine,
Yet giue me leaue to pleade for him my Lord,

ram: Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe,

the Scythian Shepheard.

And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
If with their lines, they will be pleas'd to yeelde,
D, may be forc'd to make me Emperour :
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine,
Feed you slane, thou maist thinke thy selfe happie to bee
fed from my Trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke full of idle he ate,
Drabwes bloody humors from my feeble parts,
Preseruing life, by hastening cruell death :
My vainss are pale, my sinewes hard and drie,
My ioyntes be numb'd, vnlesse I eate I die.

zab. Cate Baiazeth, let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happie power will pittie & enlarge vs.

Tam. Heere turke, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai. I tyrant, and more meate.

Tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating
will make you surfet?

Ther. So it would my Lord, especially hauing so smal
a walke, and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

ram. Theridamas, Techelles and Casane, here are the
cates you desire to finger. are they not?

Ther. I, (my Lord) but none saue Kinges must feede
with these.

Tech. 'Tis enough for vs to see them, and for rambur-
laine, onely to enioy them.

Tam. Well heere is now to the Souldane of Egypt,
the King of Arabia, and the Gouvernour of Damascus :
Now take these thzee crownes and pledge me my con-
tributoy Kinges.

I crowne you heere (Theridamas) king of Argier, te-
chelles King of Fesse, and Vsumcasane King of Moro-
cus. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your
contributozie Kinges.

Bai. For shall they long be thine. I warrant them.

Tam. Kinges of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse,

You

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You that haue marcht with happie Tamburlaine,
As farre as from the frozen place of heauen,
Vnto the watry moznings ruddy bowler.
And thence by land vnto the Torrid zone,
Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
By value and by magnamitie.

Your birthes shall be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the fount where honoz springs,
And they are worthie: He inuesteth Kings.

Ther And since your Highnesse hath so wel vouchsafte
If we deserue them not with higher meedes
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd
Take them away and make vs slaues.

Tam. Well said Theridamas, when holy Fates,
Shall stablish me in strong Egiptia,
We meane to trauaile to the Antartique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feete,
And be renown'd as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Vntill with greater honozs I be grac'd.

Finis. Actus quarti.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

The gouernor of Damasco, with three or foure Citizens
and foure virgins with branches of Laurell
in their hands.

Gouer. **S**til dooth this man or rather God of warre,
Batter our walles, & beat our Turrets down
And to resist with longer stubboznesse,
Or hope of rescue from the Sculdans polwer,
Were but to bying our wilfull ouerthrowe,
And make vs desperate of our threatned liues:
Wee see his Tents haue now beene altered,
With terrozs to the last and cruellst hew,
His cole-blacke collours euery where aduauant,
Threaten our Cittie with a generall spoyle:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,

Differ

the Scythian Shepheard.

Offer our safties to his clemency,
I feare the cuttome proper to his sword,
Which he obserues as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any innouation or remoſe:
Will neuer be diſpenç'd with till our deaths:
Therefore, for theſe our harmleſſe Virgins ſake,
Whoſe honours, and whoſe liues relie on him,
Let vs haue hope that their vnſpotted prayers,
Their blubbered cheekes, and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into ſome remoſe,
and vſe vs like a louing Conquerour.

Virg. If humble ſutes or imprecations
(Uttered with teares of wretchedneſſe and blood,
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our Sere,
Some made your wiues, and ſome your Childzen)
Might haue intreated your obdurate beaſtes,
To entertaine ſome care of our ſecurities,
Whiles onely danger beate vpon our Walles,
Theſe more then dangerous warrants of our death,
Had neuer bene erected as they be,
Nor you depend on ſuch weake help as we.

Go. Wel, louely Virgins, thinke our countries care
Our lone of honoz loath to be enthal'd
To ſorraine powers, and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with ſwo much cowardize for feare,
Before all hope of reſcove were denied,
Submit your ſelues and vs to ſeruitude:
Therefore in that your ſafeties and our owne:
Your honours, liberties, and liues were weigh'd,
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our Stars,
The wrath of ramburlaine, and powers of warres,
Or be the incanes the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to qualliſie theſe hot extreames.
And bring vs pardon in your chearefull lookes.

2. Virg. When here before the Gateſſie of heauen,

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

And holy patrones of Egiptia,
With knees and hearts submit we intreate,
Grace to our words and pittie to our lookes,
That this deuilse may prooue propitious,
And through the eyes and eares of Tamburlaine,
Conuay euentis of mercy to his heart,
Graunt that these signes of victorie wee yeeld,
May binde the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeas'd countenance,
With happie lookes of ruth and lenitie,
Leaue vs my Lord, and louing countrimen,
What simple Virgins may perswade, we will.

Go. Farwell (Sweet Virgins) on whose safe returne
Depends our Citie, Libertie, and liues. Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, with
others, Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verie
melancholic. (neastes?)

Tam. **W**hat, are the Turtles fraid out of their
Walas poꝝ soles, must you be first that feele
The sworne destruction of Damascus,
They know my custome, could they not as well,
Haue sent ye out, when first my milke-white flags
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams
Kestling them on your disdainfull eyes,
and now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my cole-blacke tents,
and tels for truth submissions comes to late.

1. Virg. **H**oste happie King & Emperour of the earth
Image of honoꝝ and Nobilitie,
For whom the powers diuine haue made the world,
and on whose throane the holy Graces sit,
In whose sweet person is compriz'd the summe
Of natures skill and heauenly Maiestie,
Pittie our plights, & pittie poꝝe Damascus,

Pittie

the Scythian Shepheard.

Pittie olde age, within whose silver haïres,
Honoꝛ and reuerence euermoꝛe haue raig'n'd,
Pittie the mariage bed where many a Lord
In prime and gloꝛy of his louing ioy
Embraceth now with teares and ruth of blood,
The iealous bodie of his fearefull wife,
Whose cheekes and hearts so punish't with conceite,
To thinke thy puissant neuer stay'd arme
Will part their bodies, and pꝛeuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now ware all pale and withered to the death,
As well foꝛ grieſe our ruthlesſe Governour
Hath thus refus'de the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose Scepter Angels kiſſe, and Furies dꝛead)

as foꝛ their liberties, their loues oꝛ lines.
O then foꝛ these and ſuch as we our selues,
Foꝛ vs, foꝛ Infants and foꝛ all our bloods,
That neuer nourish thought againſt thy rule:
Pittie, O pittie (ſacred Emperour)
The proſtrate ſeruiſe of this wꝛetched towne,
and take in ſigne thereof this gilded wꝛeath,
Whereto each man of rule hath giuen his hand,
and wiſh as woꝛthy ſubjects happie meanes,
To be inueſters of thy royall bzowes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

Tam. Virgins, in vaine ye labour to pꝛeuent
That which mine honoꝛ ſweares ſhall be perfoꝛm'd:
Behold my ſword, what ſee you at the point?

Virg. Nothing but feare and ſatall ſteele my Lord,

Tam. Your fearefull mindes are thicke & miſty then,
Foꝛ their ſits death, there ſits impꝛecious death,
Keeping his circuit by the ſlycing edge.
But I am pleaſ'de you ſhall not ſee him chere,
He now is ſeated on my horſemens ſpeares,
and on their points his fleſhlesſe body feedes.
Techelles, ſtraight goe charge a few of them,
So charge theſe Dames, and ſhew my Seruant death

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Sitting in Scarlet on their armed Speares.

Omnes. O pittie vs.

Tam. Away with them I say, and shew them death,
They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martiall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Chons golden waues,
Nor for the loue of Venus, would she leaue
The angry God of Armes, and lie with me:
They haue refused the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptorie,
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie:

Enter Techelles.

What haue your horsemen shewen the virgins death?
Tech. They haue my Lord and on Damascus Walls,
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carcasses.

Tam. A sight as banefull to their soules I thinke,
As are Thessalian dzugs or Mithradate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword. Exeunt.
Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faire is to foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countrys loue,
And feare to see thy Kingly fathers harme,
With haire discheuaeld wip'st thy watery cheekes,
And like to Flora in her mozyngs pride,
Shaking her siluer tresses, in the ayre,
Rain' it on the earth resolved pearle in showers,
And spinklest Saphirs on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
and comments volumes with her quozie pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that Ebena steps to heauen,
In silence of thy solemne evenings walke,
making the mantle of the richest night.
The Moone, the planets, and the meteoers light,
There Angels in their Chrystall armours fight.
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,

the Scythian Shepheard.

For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
These sorrowes lay more sledge vnto my soule,
Then all my Army to Damascus walles.
And neither Persians Soueraigne, nor the Turke
Troubled my senses with conceits of soyle,
So much by much, as dooth Zenocrate:
What is beauty saith my sufferings then:
If all the pens that euer Poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their Maisters thoughts,
and euery sweetenesse that inspird their hearts,
Their minds and muses on admired theames,
If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
From their Immoztall flowers of Poesie,
Wherein as in a mirrour we perceiue,
The highest reaches of a humaine wit,
If these had made one Poems period
and all combin'd in beauties worthinesse,
Yet should there honer in their restlesse heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into wordes no vertue can digest:
But how vnseemely is it for my sere,
By discipline of Armes and Chivalrie,
By nature and the terrour of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
Sane onely that in Beauties lust applause
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht
And enerie warrior that is rapt with loue,
Of fame, of valour, and of victorie,
Must needs haue beautie beate on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both,
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Cuen from the spangled firie baile of heauen,
To seele the lonely warmth of Shepheardes flames,
and march in coaches of strowed weedes:
Shall giue the world to note for all my birth,
That vertue solely is the summe of glorie,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And fashions men with true nobilitie.

Whoe's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Baiazerh beene sed to day?

An. I, my Lord.

Tam. Bring him forth, and let vs know if the towne
be ransackt.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane,
with others.

Tech. The Towne is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
of conquest, and of spoyle is offered vs.

Tam. What's well Techelles, what's the newes?

Tech. The Souldane and the Arabian King toge-
ther march on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.

Tam. No moze there is not I warrant thee techelles
They bring in the Turke.

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerent Souldans life
For faire Zenocrate, that so laments his state.

Tam. That will we chiefly see vnto Theridamas
For sweete Zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer enery heart:
And now my footestool, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Heere let him stay my maisters from the Tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field:
Pray for vs Baiazerh, we are going.

Exeunt.

Bai. Goe, neuer to returne with victorie,
Millions of men encompasse thee about,
And gaze thy bodie with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy horse:
Furtes from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their fire brands
Enforce thee runne vpon the banefull pikes:
Walleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed skin,
And enery bullet dipt in poysoned dzyngs,

the Scythian Shepheard.

Roaring Canons sever all thy septes,
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare :

Zab. Let all the Swords and Launces in the field,
Strike in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At every doze let blood come dropping forth,
That lingring paines may massacre his heart,
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we may curse his power.
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermaunds the Gods,
More then Cymertian, Stir, or Destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horroz aye,
Criping our bowels with retortned thoughts,
and haue no hope to end our extasies.

Zab. Then, is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, noz no hope of end.
To our infamous monstrous slaveries?
Cape earth, and let the fiends infernall biew,
As hell, as hopelesse, and as full of feare
as are the blassed banks of Erebus :
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling groanes,
Houer about the vgly ferriman, to get a passage to Eli-
Why should we live, O wretches, beggars, slaves (hian
Why live we Baiazeth, and build vp nestes,
So high within the Region of the ayre,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scozne,
The former triumphs of our mightinesse
In this obscure infernall seruitude?

Bai. O life more loathsome to my vered thought
Then noysome parbreake of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fills the nookes of hell with standing ayre,
Infecting all the ghostes with curelesse griefes,
O deary engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honoz and my name,

Th; uil

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Thrust vnder yoke and thraldome of a theefe:
Why feede you still on daies accursed beames,
And stinke not quite in'o my toxtor's soule,
You see my wife, my Queene and Emperesse,
Brought vp and prapp'd by the hand of fame,
Queene of fiftene contributoy Queenes,
Now throwne to rowmes of blacke obiection,
Smear'd with blots of basest dyudgerie:
And villanesse to shame disdain and misery:
accursed Baiazeth, whose words of truth,
That would with pittie cheare Zabina's heart:
and make our soales resolute in ceaselesse teares,
Sharpe hunger bites vpon and gripes the roote:
From whence the issues of my thoughtes doe breake,
O pooze zabina, O my Queene, my Queene,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the thoynted sequie of my life.
I may poure soorth my soule into thine armes
With words of loue: whose moaning entercourse,
Hath heither to beene staid, with wrath and hate,
Of our expresse hand inflictions.

zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
as long as any blood or sparke of breath,
Can quench or coole the forments of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abide thy banefull daies,
and beate the braines out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lampe of everlasting loue,
Accursed day infected with my griefes,
Hide now thy stayned face in endlesse night:
and shut the windowes of the light some heauens,
Let vglie darkenesse with her rusty coach
Engirt with tempests wrapt in pitchy cloudes,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes,

the Scythian Shepheard.

And let her hozses from their nostrrels bzeath,
Rebellious windes and bzeadefull thunder claps,
That in this terrour Tamburlaine may liue:
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid ayze,
May still exccruciate his tozmented thoughts.
Then let the stonie dart of sencelesse colde,
Pierce thzough the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage foz my loathed life.

He braines himselte against the cage.

Enter Zabina.

zab. What doe mine eyes behold, my husband dead?
His skul all rluen in twaine, his bzaines dasyt out?
The bzaines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Soueraigne:
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,
O Baiazeth! O Turke! O Emperour! giue him his li-
quoz, not I, bring milke & fire, & my blood I bring him a-
gaine, teare me in péeses, giue me the sword with a ball
of wilde-fire byō it, down w him, down with him. Goe
to my childe, away, away, away, ah saue that infant,
saue him, saue him: I euen I speake to her: the Sunne
was down. Streamers white, red, black, here, here, here
Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine,
hel make ready my Coach, my chaite, my Jewels. I
come, I come.

She runs against the Cage and braines herselfe.

Enter Zenocrate with Anippe.

Zen, Wretched zenocrate, that liuest to see
Damascus walles dy'd with Egyprians blood,
Thy fathers Subiects and thy Countriemen:
Thy strectes strewed with disseuered ioynts of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet foz life,
But most accurst to see the sunne bzight troope,
Of heauenly virgins and vnspotted Maides,
Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,
To bzeake his sword, and milderly treat of loue,
On hozsemens Lances to be hoisted vp,

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

And guiltlesely indure a cruell death.

For euery fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamp on others with their thundring Hoofes,
When all their riders charg'd their quivering speares,
Began to checke the ground, and raine themselves,
Saying vpon the beautie of their lookes:

Ah Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,

What tearm'lt zenocrate thy dearest loue?

Whose liues were dearet to zenocrate,

When her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue.

But see another bloody spectacle!

Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,

How are ye gluttred with these greuous obiectes,

And tell my soule moze tales of bleeding ruthe?

See, see Anippe, if they bzeath or no?

Anip. No bzeath, nor sence, nor motion in them both

Ah Hadam, this their slauerie hath inforc'd,

And ruthlesse crueltie of Tamburlaine.

zen. Earth cast by fountaines from thine entrals,

And wet thy cheekes for their vntimely deaths,

Shake with their waight in signe of feare and grieffe,

Blush heauen that gaue them honoz at their birth,

And let them die a death so barbarous.

Those that are proud of sickle Emperie,

And place their chiefest good in earthly pompe,

Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,

Ah Tamburlaine, my loue sweet Tamburlaine,

What fightst for Scepters, and for slippery crownes,

Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,

Thou that in conduct of thy happy Stars,

Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,

And yet wouldst thou the wauering turnes of warres,

In feare and feeling of the like distresse,

Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.

ah mightie loue and holy Mahomet,

Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt

Of earthly fortune, and respect of pittie,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

And let not conquest ruthlesly perswade,
Be equally against his life incens'd,
In this great Turke and haplesse Emperesse:
and pardon me, that was not moou'd with ruth,
To see them liue so long in miserie,
ah what may chance to thee Zenocrate?

Anip. Madam content your selfe and be resolu'd,
Your loue hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay, and turne her wheele no more,
as long as life maintaines his mightie arme,
That fights for honour to adorne your head.

Enter a Messenger.

zen. What other heauy newes now brings Philemus?

Phi. Madam, your Father, and the Arabian King,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did,
armed with Lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battell gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. How shame and duety, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorowes to my martyrd soule,
Whome should I wish the fatall victorie,
When my poore pleasures are denided thus?
And rackt by duetie from my curs'd heart,
By Father and my first betrothed loue,
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherein the change I vse condemnes my faith,
And makes my deedes infamous through the world,
But as the Gods to end the Trojans toyle,
Preuented turnus of Lauinia,
And fatally enricht Eneas loue:
So for a small Ioue to my griefes,
To pacifie my Countrie and my loue,
Must Tamburlaine by their restlesse powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honoz to my hope.
Then as the powers diuine haue preordain'd,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

With happie sattie of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They sound to the Battell, and Tamburlaine enioyes the
victorie, after Arabia enters wounded.

Ara. What cursed power guides the murdering
Of this infamous tyrants Souldiours. (hands

That no escapz may saue their enemies,
For fortune keepe themselues from victorie:
Lye downe Arabia wounded to the death,
and let Zenocrates faire eyes behold
That as for her thou bear'st these wretched armes,
Euen so for her thou dyest in these armes,
Leaving thy blood for witnessse of thy loue.

zen. To deare a witnessse for such loue my Lord,
Beholde zenocrate, the cursed obiect
Whose fortunes neuer mastered her griefes:
Behold her wounded in conceite for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. When shall I die with full contented heart,
Having beheld diuine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound.
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah that the deadely panges I suffer now,
Would lend an holwers license to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweete accidents,
Hane chanc'd thy meritts in this worthelesse bondage,
And that I might be p'suy to the state,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To driue all sorrow from my fainting soule,
Since death denyes me further cause of ioy,
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

Enter Tam-

the Scythian Shepheard.

Enter Tamburlaine leading the Souldane, Techelles,
Theridamas, Vlumeafane, with others.

Tam. Come happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldanes name:
Though my right hand hath thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely Daughter heere shall set thee free.
She that hath calmd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this bin bath'd in streames of blood,
As vast and deepe as Euphrates or Nile.

zen. O light thise welcome to my ioyfull soule,
To see the King my father issue safe,
From dangerous battell of my conquering loue.

Soul. Well met my onely deare zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my crowne,

Tam. It was I my Lord that gat the victorie,
And therefore grieue not at your overthowe:
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And ad more strength to your Dominions
Then ever yet confirm'd th' Egypitian crowne.

The God of war resignes his rowme to me,
Meaning to make me generall of the world,
Loue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Fearing my power shall pull him from his thyoane

Where ere I come the fatall Sisters sweare,
And grislye death by running to and fro.
To doe their ceaselesse homage to my sword:
and heere in Affricke where it sildome raines.

Since I artlud with my tryumphant hoste, (wounds
Haue swelling cloudes drawne from wide gasping
Been oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers.

A meteoꝝ that might terrisse the earth,
and make it quake at euery drop it drinks.

Million of soules sit on the banks of Stix,
Waiting the bache returne of Charons boate,

Hell and Elisian swarme with ghostes of men.
What I haue sent from syndrie foughten fields,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

To spread my fame through hell, and by to heauen:
And see, my Lord, a sight of strange import
Emperours and Kings lie breathlesse at my feete,
The Turke and his great Emperesse, as it seemes
Left to themselues while we were at the fight,
Haue desperately dispatcht their slavish liues,
With them Arabia too hath left his life,
All sightes of power to grace my victorie:
and such are objects fit for Tamburlaine.

Wherein as in a mirrour may be seene,
His honoz, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.
Soul. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand
(Renowned Tamburlaine) to whome all Kings
Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
and I am pleas'd with this my ouerthrowe,
If as becomes a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honoz vs'de Zenocrate.

Tam. Her state and person wants no pompe you see,
And for all blot of foule inchastritie,
I record heauen, her heavenly selfe is cleere,
Then let me finde no further time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian Crowne,
But heere these Kings that on my fortunes waite,
And haue bene crown'd for proued worthinesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adioyning all their handes with mine,
Innest her heere my Queene of Persea.

What saith the Noble Souldane and Zenocrate?

Soul. I yeeld with thanks and protestations,
Of endlessse honour to thee for her loue.

Tam. When doubt not I but faire Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfie vs both.

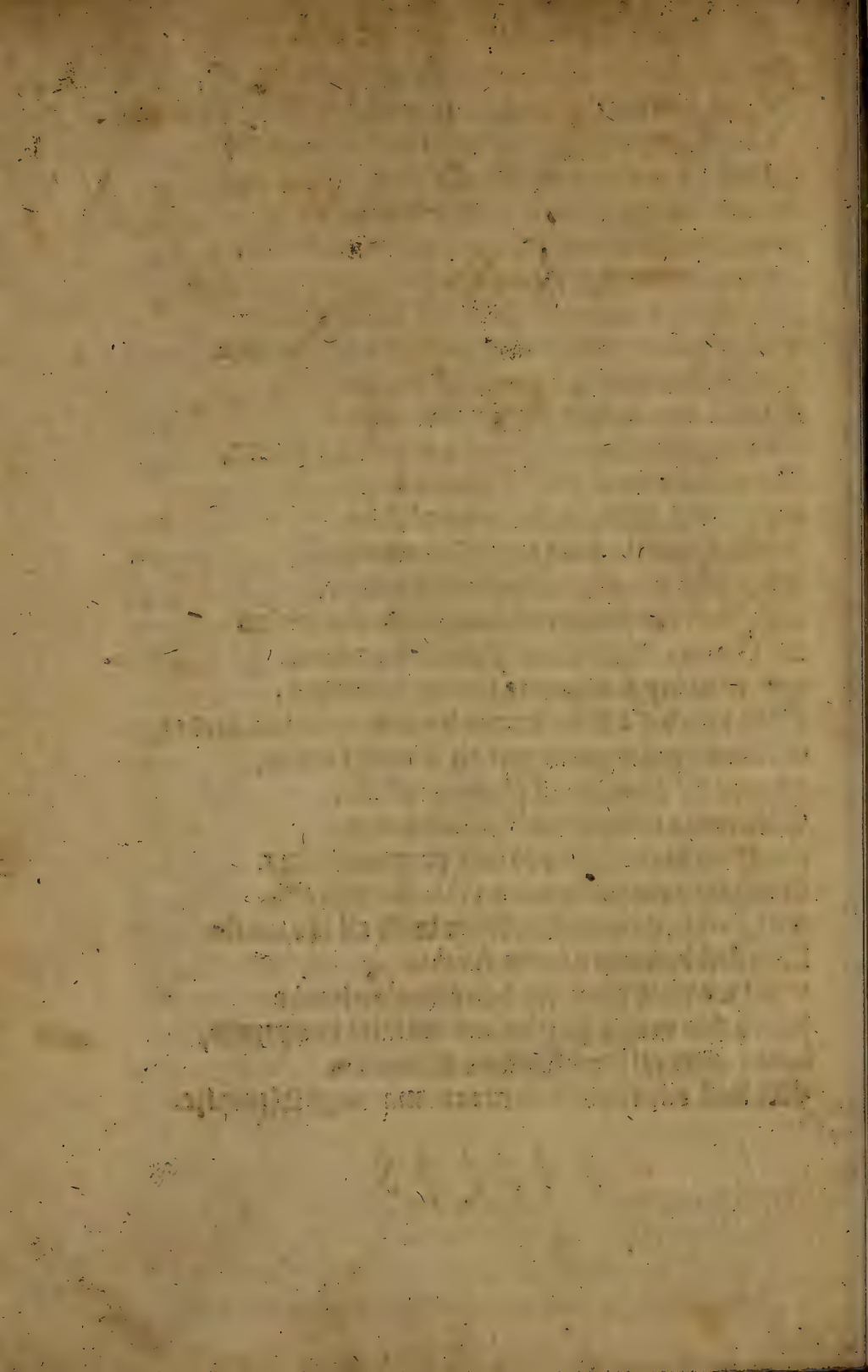
zen. Else should I much forget my selfe my Lord.
Ther. Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,
That long hath lingred for so high a seate.

Tech. My hand is ready to perfozme the deede,

the Scythian Shepheard.

For now her marriage time shall worke vs rest,
Vsum. and heere's the crowne my Lord, helpe set it on.
Tam. Then sit thou downe (diuine Zenocrate)
And heere we crowne thee Queene of Persia,
And all the kingdomes and Dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdude,
As Iuno. When the Gyants were suppress,
That darded mountaines at her Brother Ioue,
So lookes my loue, shadowing in her browes,
Triumphes and Trophies for my victozies:
As Latonas daughter bent to armes,
Adding moze courage to my conquering minde,
To gratifie the sweete Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moozes, and men of Asia,
From Barbarie vnto the Westerne Indie,
Shall pay a yearely tribute to thy Sire,
And from the bounds of Affricke to the bankes
Of Ganges, shall his mightie arme extend.
and now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchas'd Kingdomes by your martiall deedes,
Cast off your armour. put on Scarlet robes,
Gount by your royall places of estate,
Gauironed with troopes of noble men,
and there make lawes to rule your pꝛouinces.
Hang by your weapons on Alcides poste,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first betrothed Loue Arabia
Shal we with honoꝝ (as befeemes) entombe
With this greate Turke, and his faire Emperesse;
Then after all these solemne Crequies,
We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize.

FINIS.



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